with pits of colour in its waters, no one colour definite—all was wonderment, allurement, fascination. The *last* time I was there it was wonderful, but not beautiful any more. The merely stupendous, the merely marvellous, have always repelled me. I cannot *realise,* and become terribly weak and doddering. No terrific scene gives me pleasure. The great canons give me unrest, just as the long low lines of rny Sussex marshland near Winchelsea give me rest.

At Niagara William Terriss slipped and nearly lost his life. At night when he appeared as Bassanio, he shrugged his shoulders, lowered his eyelids, and said to me—

" Nearly gone, dear/*—he would call everybody " dear " —" But Bill's luck! Tempus fugit! *'

What tempus had to do with it, I don't quite know!

When we were first in Canada I tobogganed at Rosedale. I should say it was like flying 1 The start! Amazing ! " Farewell to this world," I thought, as I felt my breath go. Then I shut my mouth, opened my eyes, and found myself at the bottom of the hill in a jiffy—" over hill, over dale, through bush, through briar!" I rolled right out of the toboggan when we stopped, A very nice Canadian man was my escort, and he helped me up the hill afterwards. I didn't like *that* part of the affair quite so much!

Henry Irving would not come, much to my disappoint-ment. He said that quick motion through the air always gave him the ear-ache. He had to give up swimming

(his old Cornish Aunt Penberthy told me he delighted in swimming as a boy) just because it gave him most violent pains in the ear.

Philadelphia, as I first knew it, was the most old-world place I saw in America, except perhaps Salem. Its red-